

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE Author of 'The Fighting Foot', 'Hidden Waters', 'The Tezcan', etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

CHAPTER X.

To an American, accustomed to getting things done first and talking about it afterward, there is nothing so subtly irritating as the old-world formalism, the polite evasiveness of the Mexicans; and yet, at times, they can speak to the point with the best of us.

For sixty days Don Cipriano Aragon had smiled and smiled; and then, suddenly, as the last day of their mining permit passed by and there was no record of a denouncement by Cruz Mendez, he appeared at the Eagle Tail mine with a pistol in his belt and a triumphant sneer on his lips.

Behind him rode four Mexicans, fully armed, and they made no reply to De Lancey's polite "Buenos dias!"

"Take your poor things," burst out Aragon, pointing contemptuously at their tent and beds, "and your low, peñado Mexican—and go! This mine no longer stands in the name of Cruz Mendez, and I want it for myself! No not a word!" he cried, as De Lancey opened his mouth to explain. "Nothing! Only go!"

"No, señor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter which hung low by his leg and stepping forward, "we will not go!"

"What?" stormed Aragon, "you—?" "Be careful there!" warned Bud, suddenly fixing his eyes on one of the four retainers. "If you touch that gun I'll kill you!"

There was a pause, in which the Mexicans sat frozen to their saddles, and then De Lancey broke the silence.

"You must not think, Señor Aragon," he began, speaking with a certain bitterness, "that you can carry your point like this. My friend here is a Texan, and if your men strike he will kill them. But there is a law in this country for every man—what is it that you want?"

"I want this mining claim," shouted Aragon, "that you have so unjustly taken from me through that scoundrel Mendez! And I want you to step aside, so that I can set up my monuments and take possession of it."

"The Señor Aragon has not been to the agente mineral today," suggested De Lancey suavely. "If he had taken the trouble he would not—"

"Enough!" cried Aragon, still trying to carry it off cavalierly. "I sent my servant to the mining agent yesterday and he reported that the permit had lapsed."

"If he had taken the pains to inquire for new permits, however," returned De Lancey, "he would have found that one has been issued to me! I am now a Mexican citizen, like yourself."

"You!" screamed Aragon, his eyes bulging with astonishment; and then, finding himself tricked, he turned suddenly upon one of his retainers and struck him with his whip.

"Son of a goat!" he stormed. "Fig! Is this the way you obey my orders?" But knowing he raved and scolded, he had good reason, and there was no putting the blame on his servant. In his desire to humiliate the hated gringo,

"Come again!" commented Bud, leaning sideways as he coiled his rope, and as the womenfolk and idlers came rushing to see what had happened, he turned Copper Bottom in his tracks and came back like a streak of light.

"Look out, you ugly man's dog!" he shouted, whirling his rope as he strode, and then, amidst a chorus of indignation protests, he chased the yelling Brindles down the lane and through a hole in the fence. Then, with no harm done, he rode back up the street, smiling amiably and looking for more dogs to rope.

"In the do!" of the store stood Aragon pale with fury, but Bud appeared not to see him. His eyes were turned rather toward the house where, on the side of the veranda, Gracia Aragon and her mother stood staring at his antics.

"Good morning to you, ladies!" he saluted, taking off his cap with a flourish. "Lovely weather, isn't it? And with this temperature in the street, a refreshing shower of rain would be just what we need."

"New that sure does me good," responded Phil, as they rode down between cottonwoods and straggling

the muddy creek. "No sense in it, but it gets something out of my system that has kept me from feeling glad. Did you see me bowing to the ladies? Some class to that bow—no? You want to look out—I got my eye on that gal, and I'm sure a hard one to head. Only thing is, I wouldn't like the old man for a father-in-law the way matters stand between us now."

He laughed boisterously at this witicism, and the little Mexican children, playing among the willows, crouched and lay quiet like rabbits. Along the sides of the rocky hills, where the peons had their mud-and-rock houses, mothers came anxiously to open doors; and as they jogged along up the river the Chinese gardeners, working in each separate nook and cranny of the storm-washed creek-bed, stopped grubbing to gaze at them inquiringly.

"Wonder what's the matter with them chinks?" observed Bud, when his happiness had ceased to effervesce; "they sit up like a village of prairie dogs! Whole country seems to be on the rubber neck. Must be something doing."

"That's right," agreed Phil; "did you notice how those peons scattered when I rode down the street? Maybe there's been some insurrection through. But say—listen!"

He stopped his horse, and in the silence a bugle-call came down the wind from the direction of Fortuna. "Soldiers!" he said. "Now where did they come from? I was in Fortuna day before yesterday, and—well, look at that!"

From the point of the hill just ahead of them a line of soldiers came into view, marching two abreast, with a mounted officer in the lead.

"Ala!" exclaimed Bud with conviction; "they've started something down below. This is that bunch of federals that we saw drilling up at Agua Negra."

"Yep," admitted De Lancey regretfully; "I guess you're right for once—the open season for rebels has begun."

They drew out of the road and let them pass—a long, double line of shabby infantrymen, still wearing their last year's straw hats and summer uniforms and trudging along in flapping sandals.

In front were two men bearing lanterns, to search out the way by night; slatternly women, the inevitable camp-followers, trotted along at the sides with their bundles and babies; and as the little brown men from Zacatecas, each burdened with his heavy gun and a job lot of belts and packs, shuffled patiently past the Americans, they flashed the whites of their eyes and rumbled a chorus of "Adios!"

"Adios, Americanos!" they called, gazing enviously at their fine horses, and Phil in his turn touched his hat and wished them all Godspeed.

"Poor devils!" he murmured, as they last tottering camp-followers, laden with their burdens, brought up the rear and a white-skinned Spanish officer saluted from his horse; "what do those little fellows know about liberty and justice, or the game that is being played? Wearing the same uniforms that they had when they fought for Díaz, and now they are fighting for Madero. Next year they may be working for Orpico or Huerta or Salazar."

"Sure," muttered Bud; "but that ain't the question. If they're rebels in the hills, where do we get off?"

CHAPTER XI.

The plaza at Fortuna, ordinarily so peaceful and sleepy, was alive with hurrying men when Bud and Phil reached town. Over at the station a special engine was vheezing and blowing, after its heavy run and, from the train of commandeered ore cars behind, a swarm of soldiers were leaping to the ground. On the porch of the hotel Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was making violent signals with his hands, and as they rode up he hurried out to meet them.

"My gracious boys," he cried, "it's a good thing you came into town! Bernardo Bravo has come over the mountains and he's marching to take Mococtuma!"

"Why, that doesn't make any difference to us!" answered Phil. "Mococtuma is eighty miles from here—and look at all the soldiers! How many men has Bernardo got?"

"Well, that I do not know," responded Don Juan; "some say more and some less, but if you boys hadn't come in, I would have sent a man to fetch you. Just as soon as a revolution begins the back country becomes unsafe for Americans. Some of those low characters are likely to murder you if they think you have any money."

"Well, we haven't," put in Bud; "but we've got a mine—and we're going to keep it, too."

"Aw, Bernardo Bravo hasn't got any men!" asserted Phil; "I bet this is a false alarm. He got whipped out of his boots over in Chihuahua last fall, and he's been up in the Sierra Madre ever since. Probably come down to steal a little bit."

"Why, Don Juan, Bud and I lived right next to a trail all last year and if we'd listened to one cent of the revoluto stories we heard we wouldn't have taken out an ounce of gold. I'm going to get my denouncement papers tomorrow, and if you boys were there I'd give you all the money I could get. These rebels won't hurt you any, anyhow!"

"No! Only has a fine grant," added Bud earnestly. "Come on, Phil, let's take a look at the soldiers—they're that bunch of Yaquis we saw up at Agua Negra."

They left their horses to the boys, and leaving the sedulous Don Juan to sputter, hurried over to see what, from the heavy metal ore cars, each a rolling fortress in itself, the last of the

active Yaquis were helping out their women and pet dogs, while the rest, talking and laughing in high spirits, were strung out along the track in a perfunctory line.

If the few officers in command had ever attempted to teach them military discipline, the result was not apparent in the line they formed; but any man who looked at their swarthy faces, the hawklike profiles, and deep-set, steady eyes, would know that they were fighters.

After all, a straight line on parade has very little to do with actual warfare and these men had proved their worth under fire.

To be sure, it was the fire of Mexican guns, and perhaps that was why the officers were so quiet and unassertive for every one of these big, noise-diffusing had been captured in the Yaqui wars and deported to the hot, sun-baked fields of Yucatan to die in the minas and heat.

But they had come from a hardy breed and the whirligig of fortune was flying fast—Madero's defeated Porfirio Díaz, fresh resolutions broke out against the victor and, looking about in desperation for soldiers to fill his ranks, Madero fell upon the Yaquis. Trained warriors for generations, of a race so hardy that the ancient Aztecs had been turned aside by them in their empire-founding migration, they were the very men to whip back the rebels, if he could but win them to his side.

So Madero had approached Chief Bule, whom Díaz had taken under a flag of truce, and soon the agreement was made. In return for faithful service, Mexico would give back to the Indians the one thing they had been fighting a hundred and sixty years to attain, their land along the Rio Yaqui; and there they should be permitted to live in peace as their ancestors had done before them.

And so, with a thousand or more of his men, the crafty old war chief had taken service in the federal army; though his mind, poisoned perhaps by the treachery he had suffered, was not entirely free from guile.

"It is the desire of the Yaquis," he had said, when rebuked for serving under the hated flag of Mexico, "to kill Mexicans. And," he added grimly, "the federals at this time seem best able to give us guns for that purpose."

But it had been a year now since Bule had passed his word and, though they had battled valiantly, their land had not been given back to them. The wild Yaquis, the irreconcilables who never came down from the hills, had gone on the warpath again, but Bule and his men still served.

Only in two things did they disobey their officers: they would not stack their arms, and they would not retreat while there were still more Mexicans to be killed. Otherwise they were very good soldiers.

But now, after the long campaign in Chihuahua, they were ordered to Agua Negra. They were marching south toward their new land, in spite of the stern glances of their officers; they were in the hands of Yaquis, some of which their words and deeds might easily have caused their Mexican officers some slight uneasiness.

It was, in fact, only a question of days, months, or years, until the entire Yaqui contingent would desert, taking their arms and ammunition with them.

"Get, what a bunch of men!" exclaimed Bud, as he stood off and admired their stark forms.

"There's some genuine fighters for you!" he observed to Phil; and a faint Yaqui, standing near, returned his praise with a smile.

"Why, hello there, Amigo!" hailed Bud, jerking his head in a friendly salute. "That's a fellow I was making signs to up in Agua Negra," he explained. "Dogged if I ain't stuck on these Yaquis—they're all men, believe me!"

"Good workers, all right," conceded De Lancey, "but Ed hates to have 'em get after me with those guns. They say they've killed a lot of Americans, one time and another."

"Well, if they did it was for being caught in bad company," said Hooker. "I'd take a chance with 'em any time—but if you go into their country with a Mexican, you're liable to die on general principles. Say," he cried impulsively, "I'm going over to talk with Amigo!"

With a broad grin on his honest face he advanced toward the gringo Yaqui and shook hands ceremoniously.

"Where you go?" he inquired in Spanish, at the same time rolling a cigarette and asking for a sign for a match.

"Mococtuma," answered the Indian gravely. Then, as Bud stared him the meaning, he, too, rolled a cigarette and they smoked for a minute in silence.

"You live here?" inquired the Yaqui at last.

"Come here," corrected Bud. "I have mine—ten miles over there."

He pointed with the end of his hand, Indian fashion, and Amigo nodded understandingly.

He was a fine figure of a man, standing six feet or better, his well-cut sandals and handbags swung from his hips, and he wore a simple, striped shirt, overalls, and a sombrero bandied with a bright ribbon—and in place of the beaten, hunted look of those poor

conscripts he had the steady gaze of a free man.

They stood and smoked for a few moments, talking briefly, and then, as the Yaquis closed up their ranks and marched off to make camp for the night, Bud presented his strange friend with the sack of tobacco and went back to join his partner.

That evening the plaza was filled with the wildest rumors, and another train arrived during the night, but through it all Bud and Phil remained unmoved. In the morning the soldiers went marching off down the trail, leaving a great silence where all had been bugle-calls and excitement, and then the first fugitive came in from down below.

He was an old Mexican, with trembling beard and staring eyes, and he told a tale of outrage that made their blood run cold. The red-flags had come to his house at night; they had killed his wife and son, left him upon the ground for dead, and carried off his daughter, a prisoner.

But later, when the comisario questioned him sharply, it developed that he lived not far away, had no daughter to lose, and was, in fact, only a crazed old man who told for truth that which he feared would happen.

Notwithstanding the denouement, his story stirred the Mexican population to the depths, and when Bud and Phil tried to hire men to push the work on the mine, they realized that their troubles had begun. Not only was it impossible to engage laborers at any price, but on the following day Cruz Mendez, with his wife and children and all his earthly possessions on his burros, came hurrying in from the camp and told them he could serve them no more.

"It is my woman!" he explained; "my Maria! Ah, if those revolutoos should see Maria they would steal her before my eyes!"

So he was given his pay and the fifty dollars he had earned and, after the customary "Muchas gracias," and with the faithful Maria by his side, he went hurrying off to the store.

And now in crowded vehicles, with armed men riding in front and behind, the refugees from Mococtuma and the hot country began to pour into town, adding by their very haste to the panic of all who saw them.

They were the rich property owners who, having been subjected to forced contribution before, were now fleeing at the first rumor of danger, bringing their families with them to escape any being held for ransom.

In half a day the big hotel presided over by Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was swarming with staring-eyed country mothers and sternly subdued families of children; and finally, to add color to the occasion and compensate for the general confusion, Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios came driving up the door with his wife and the smiling Gracia.

If she had been in any fear of capture by bold marauders, Gracia Aragon did not show it now, as she sprang lightly from the carriage and waited upon her lady mother. Perhaps, after a year or more of rumors and alarms, she had come to look upon impending revolutionary conflicts as convenient excuses for a trip to town, a long stop at the hotel, and even a dash to say Gadsden in case the rebels pressed close.

However that may be, while Don Juan exerted himself to procure them a good room, she endured the gaze of the American guests with becoming placidity and, as that took some time, she even ventured to look the Americans over and make some comments to her mother.

And then—or so it seemed to Bud—the mother glanced up quickly and fixed her eyes upon him. After that he was in less of a hurry to return to the mine, and Phil said they would stay inside for a week. But as for Don Cipriano, when he came across them in the crowded lobby he stared past them with malignant insolence and abruptly turned his back.

At La Fortuna he was the lord and master, with power to forbid them the place; but now once more the fortunes of war had turned against him, and he was forced to tolerate their presence.

The band played in the plaza that evening, it being Thursday of the week, and as the cornet led with "La Paloma," and the base viol and guitars beat the measure, all feet seemed to turn in that direction, and the fear of the tatters was still.

And among the rest of the maidens, but far more ravishing and high-bred, walked Gracia Aragon, at whom Bud's particular stare was directed. From beneath the broad brim of his hat he gazed at her with the same unobtrusive gaze that he had shown to the town, and he could defend his own choice for he felt that he could do it against any hundred Mexicans that ever breathed.

(To be continued)

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Committee Sifted.

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Report Europeans Will Force Haiti.

France and Germany Said to Be Restless Over Debts, and May Invade Country.

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, June 23.—News has reached Washington from unofficial sources that France and Germany have warned Haiti that her customary debts will be seized unless arrangements are made to meet the outstanding Haitian financial obligations.

Secretary Bryan today said no notice that such a step was contemplated had come to the United States from the European powers, but reports of the serious situation in the island republic, torn within by revolution and besieged by creditors from without, was the subject of a long discussion at today's cabinet meeting.

What the attitude of the United States might be was not indicated. Officials pointed out, however, that there was no treaty or arrangement under which the United States might assume charge of Haiti's customs as it did in the case of Santo Domingo.

There are four American war vessels in Haitian waters now, protecting foreigners in cities around which government and rebel forces have been fighting.

The German cruiser Strassburg is in Dominican waters.

The Haitian minister here, Ulrich Duvalier, earnestly protested today that his country is not a defaulting debtor and that stories of European intervention and their counterpart in reports in foreign newspapers that the United States is contemplating the same act.

Veterans Exempted.

Washington, June 23.—The senate today passed Senator Hoke Smith's bill to allow federal and confederate veterans of the Civil war to take fourth class postoffice examination regardless of their age.

South May Profit.

Washington, June 23.—Investigation of alleged discriminations by a coal trust and coal-carrying railroads against ports in the Atlantic coast south of Norfolk, will be begun by a senate sub-committee early in July. Several subpoenas have been issued, but not served.

Fifty Children Hurt.

Atlanta, Ga., June 23.—Fifty children were injured here today when a pavilion at a local amusement park collapsed during a picnic given for the inmates of the local Hebrew Orphan home. Two hundred children were in the pavilion at the time. None of the injuries was fatal.

Goos to Asylum.

Portsmouth, N. H., June 23.—Mrs. Miry Folsom, of Somerville, Mass., who shot and killed her husband, Henry H. Folsom, near Exeter, last Saturday, today was committed to the State Insane Hospital at Concord for observation of her mental condition.

Teddy Near Home.

New York, June 23.—The steamship Imperator with Theodore Roosevelt on board is expected to arrive in the lower harbor late tomorrow. A wireless today said Colonel Roosevelt, virtually had recovered from his attack of fever and that he was preparing a speech to be delivered in Pittsburgh, June 30.

Wilson's Action Surmised.

Washington, June 23.—President Wilson's decision on the appeal for pardons for twenty-four labor leaders sentenced to prison in the dynamite conspiracy cases was sent to the department of justice tonight and probably will be made public tomorrow. The exact nature of the president's action was carefully guarded but it generally was understood in official circles that some of the minor defendants had been granted executive clemency. For Frank M. Ryan, former head of the Structural Iron Workers, and others convicted as chief conspirators, even the senators and representatives who have interested themselves in the pardon appeals have held out little hope of obtaining clemency. Thursday is set for the convicted men to begin serving their sentences. All are free on bail.

Of One Mind.

Foxy Uncle (after leaving the car) showing his nephew the way to buy curlers.—"There you are, you see. When you are dealing with people like that just argue the point a bit, and down comes the j. To ten shillins." "Cut a deal?" (to his nephew)—"There you are, my boy. When you're dealing with a man like him, and you see 'ow 'e's going to argue the point a bit, all you've got to do is to put the price up ten shillins to start with."—Sketch.

Soldier's Most Trying Position.

The average soldier finds the most terrifying position to be that of standing motionless in the front rank, exposed to the enemy's fire without being able to retaliate. The soldier to advance or retreat with his bayonet is then relieved of his fears from agony. Movement, even into greater peril, distracts the mind and greatly reduces the mental anguish.

Greatest Rubber Tree of All.

What is believed to be the largest rubber tree in the world stands in the Brazilian territory of Acre, on the frontier of Bolivia. Its stem is 27 feet 3.7-10 inches in circumference at the base. For 120 days every year this colossal gives 33 pounds of rubber a day. At present price this brings in \$2,160 a year, or a total of \$10,000 in 4.5 years. It is owned by a family of seven Serengetos.

State Militia May Get a Camp.

It is Believed in Columbia That The Middle May Be Straightened Out.

Columbia, S. C., June 23.—There is a strong probability that the South Carolina National Guard will participate in the Ninth Division instruction camp in Augusta after all.

Saturday a telegram was sent out by Gen. H. K. Evans, commanding the Department of the East, withdrawing the invitation to the South Carolina troops, on instructions from the War Department, to participate in the encampment. Investigation developed the fact that the cause of this order was deficiency in certain of the companies in South Carolina, in the matter of missing equipment and shortage of men in the various grades. Attention, it is stated from Washington, had called to this last not meeting the requirements of the Dick military law, and correction was not made as it should have been.

That the order calling off the South Carolina participation in the encampment was a sore disappointment is evidenced by the fact that efforts were immediately made Sunday, in military department of the state, to ward having the order rescinded. Adjutant General A. W. Moore left Columbia Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, for Washington, and today arranged for a conference with Secretary of War Garrison. It is Mr. Moore's purpose to present the case to the secretary of war in the light of not penalizing the entire South Carolina militia for the shortcomings of a comparatively few companies. It is his opinion that he will be able to induce the war department to issue its order that those companies of the state which did pass the inspection, and which have been coming up to the requirements of the Dick military law will be permitted to attend the encampment. It is very probable that this will be definitely determined and announcement made in accordance with the conclusions arrived at the conference between Gen. Moore and the war department sometime during Tuesday.

As the situation stood with the publication of the order of Saturday, withdrawing the invitation to South Carolina to participate, this state was placed in the position of being the only one in the entire South which would have been excluded from the maneuvers and instructions provided for by the government on account of deficiency. Therefore, in addition to relieving the disappointment among the militia of the state, the officers of South Carolina are particularly anxious, doubly so, to have that order rescinded and remove the reflection it casts on the National Guard of South Carolina.

Before Gen. Moore's departure for Washington, telephone conference was had between Columbia and Augusta, and arrangements were made from Augusta to get for Gen. Moore such assistance as he may need from Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, and it was confidently believed, after Gen. Moore's arrival in Washington, that he would be successful in his efforts.

BUM GOLF SCORE

High Ones the Order of Carolina Opening at Asheville.

Asheville, N. C., June 23.—The qualifying round for the Carolina golf association was played on the links of the Asheville Country Club this morning. High scores ruled, 78 being the low record, F. M. Laxton of Charlotte, and D. G. McRitchie of Charlotte, tying. On the play-off in the first flight Laxton won 81 to 85.

Charlotte won the team match for the Capers Memorial cup, unexpectedly defeating Charlotte, the holder. Tom Bonnar, the Charlotte professional, won the individual championship, the final score being 99 to 81 by the amateur, C. T. Dunham also of Charlotte. The low scores of 79 in the first flight was made by F. Hyatt of Columbia, defeating J. J. McKinley, of Asheville, 2 up.

A handicap will be held Tuesday, club ratings to govern.

The eight who are left to play for the association amateur championship are F. M. Laxton, C. T. Dunham, D. G. McRitchie, V. D. Gadsden, F. Hyatt, C. Camp, E. F. Mayberry and George Shand.

DID NOT DEFAULT

Carolinians Will Not Long by Refusing to Play on Sunday.

Augusta, Ga., June 23.—E. D. and G. W. Waring of Charleston, S. C., did not default J. K. Orr, Jr., and E. W. Carter, Jr., of Atlanta when they refused to play the last set of the doubles championship match in the South Atlantic tennis tournament on Sunday. This was the ruling made known here today of President W. R. Weyen of the National Lawn Tennis association.

The South Atlantic tournament committee today advised the players to agree among themselves upon a date and place to play the final set, if they cannot agree, the set will be played here July 1.

When the game was adjourned last Saturday, because of darkness, the score was two sets each. The Waring brothers refused to play off the tie Sunday although their opponents were willing.

It is understood that the final set will be played either in Atlanta or in Greenville.

Committee Sifted.

Dundas, Scotland, June 23.—Horace Curzon, J. Gammell Forbes, 19th Baron Forbes, a representative peer of Scotland, cut his throat today in a hotel here, where he had been living for three months. Baron Forbes was 85 years old and succeeded to the title in 1965. His heir is the Hon. Arthur Monson Forbes, a brother.

Doctors Are Meeting.

Atlantic City, N. J., June 23.—Institution of Dr. Villa C. Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, Mich., as president and the presentation of a gold medal to Surgeon General William C. Gorgas in recognition of his services as officer in charge of sanitation work in the Panama canal zone featured the initial session of the sixty-fifth annual convention here today.

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